"THE THREE."

LENAU.

Three warriors that softly ride
From a lost field at eventide;

From their deep wounds the warm streams break,
Courser and saddle glow and reek.

Slow move the steeds weary and spent,
Else were the gush too violent;

And close they ride, and closely each
Holds by his fellow in his reach,

And sadly look they on the death
In either's visage, and one saith:—

"Woe for the maiden and the home
Where these cold feet shall never come!"

"Woe for my meadow lands and trees,
Castles and vassal villages!"

"The light of heaven is all I have;
There are no windows in the grave."

Three vultures dissonant and black,
Fly gloating on the bloody track;

Shrieking among themselves they cry:—
"Thou eatest him, him thou, him I."

THE TREASON OF TWIGGS.

AN EX-REBEL TELLS THE SHAMEFUL STORY.

Chas. L. Martin in Philadelphia *Times*.

Having never seen in print any account of the capture of San Antonio, Texas, in 1861, and the surrender of the United States troops then in the State which followed, and as this achievement is by no means an unimportant chapter in the history of the war between the States, a presentation of the facts will no doubt prove interesting. The Secession Convention of the State of Texas met in Austin, the capital, on the 28th of January, 1861, and among the first acts of that memorable body after perfecting its organization was to take steps toward capturing the Federal troops in the Department of Texas and securing the army stores of which there were large quantities at different points, but principally at San Antonio, headquarters for the department and the depot for supplies. Sam Houston, the father of Texas, was then Governor of the State, and, as he was opposed to the secession movement, he would not countenance the convention nor co-operate with it in any measure it proposed. The consequence was that the convention assumed all responsibility and took the management of affairs into its own hands.

To carry into effect its plan of capture and seizure of the Government property, Colonel John S. Ford and the renowned Ben McCulloch were commissioned and authorized to raise troops and march on San Antonio and Brownsville. Colonel Ford had done service for the State in Indian campaigns, had commanded the State troops in the Cortina war on the Rio Grande a few years before, and was well fitted for the duty assigned him. Ben McCulloch, when but a boy, had won honor in the field against the Mexicans in the army of the Republic of Texas, had fought many desperate battles with Indians on the frontier, and had achieved distinction as Major of the Texan Rangers in the Mexican war. In fact, the people naturally looked to him as a leader of their forces in this emergency. Guadaloupe county was the home of McCulloch, and it was there and in the adjoining counties of Gonzales and Caldwell that he sought for the men to aid him in his expedition against San Antonio. In three days time he had at Seguin, the capital of Guadaloupe county, six hundred men, and he could have had five times the number had he so desired. His command was principally mounted, though one company of infantry, a company of "Knights of the Golden Circle," accompanied him from Seguin. Of this company the writer was second lieutenant, and with it went to San Antonio, participating in the capture, and witnessing what transpired. This was the first taste of the war the Texans had.

On the 14th of February the volunteers began to arrive in Seguin, where McCulloch had his headquarters. On the morning of the 15th the line of march was taken for San Antonio, the cavalry mounted in all styles, from the gentle-paced plow mule to the fiery charger, and the infantry company comfortably seated in wagons generously provided by the farmers living near. We had thirty-five miles of prairie and wooded lands to traverse before reaching our destination, and, full of hope and determination, the little band of untrained soldiers filed through the streets of Seguin amid the cheers of the men who remained behind and under the gaze of the noble women, the mothers, wives, and sisters, who bid us God speed while they wept and prayed. Arriving at the Salado creek, five miles from San Antonio, late in the afternoon, a halt was ordered and the command went into camp. A cordon of sentinels was thrown around the camp, and videttes posted on all sides to guard against surprise in case the Federal troops in town should see proper to attack us. Supper was cooked and after a hearty meal slumber soon settled down upon the weary volunteers, all except those on guard. About sundown McCulloch and one or two other officers went into the city, where they conferred with Captain Jack Wilcox, commanding a volunteer company in San Antonio. During this conference the plan of the work before us was mapped out and agreed upon, and McCulloch and his officers returned to camp. At one o'clock in the morning the command was aroused from sleep and quietly formed into line. From each company a detail was made sufficient for a detachment of one hundred men, which detachment was marched forthwith on foot into the city, where they reinforced Captain Wilcox's company, and under his command were stationed at different points in small squads, each under a commissioned officer.

The points selected for posting these details were well and skillfully taken, the most of them being on the tops of houses overlooking the barracks where the Federal troops were quartered and a few in the vicinity of the ordnance, quartermaster and commissary buildings and all so close together that they could co-operate with each other, if necessary. The orders to these details were to keep quiet and as much concealed from view as possible behind the parapet walls of the buildings on which they were stationed. If an attack was made it would be made by either the Federal troops or the Texan forces in the streets, in which event the details on the house-tops were to fire down upon the Federal troops.

After the detachment had marched into the city, the remainder of the command was moved forward to the top of Powder House Hill, about one mile from the heart of the city, where it remained in ranks until after daylight, expecting every moment to hear the music begin. It was cold on that morning of the 16th of February, standing in ranks on Powder House Hill, and glad were we indeed when the command "Forward" was given a little after daylight. Slowly we wended our way, in double ranks, into the city, reaching the military plaza, but a few blocks from the barracks, at sunrise. Here a fresh detail of another hundred men was made and sent off in small detachments to support the men already in position. The writer had command of sixteen men at the foot of a ladder leading to the top of a one-story building overlooking the back yard of the barracks, and on which were posted twenty men under a lieutenant. His orders were to guard the ladder as long as he had a man living, and if any United States officer or soldier came out of the barracks into the street to order him back, and in case the order was disobeyed, to open fire on him at once. The foot of the ladder was not distant more than twenty feet from the nearest door of the barracks, and most anxiously was that building watched. A number of times did the blue-coated boys come to the doors and look out, but not one ventured into the street. No reveille sounded that morning in the barracks, and no soldier was marked absent from roll-call.

General Twiggs was at that time in command of the Department of Texas, and while his sympathies were with the South and in his heart its cause was his own, yet while he was in the service of the United States and wore the uniform of its army, he was true to its interests and true to his duty. He had in San Antonio but one hundred and twenty soldiers and he knew that it was worse than folly to make resistance with so small a force against the odds McCulloch had in numbers and the advantage he had secured in the night. He knew, furthermore, that all San Antonio was against him, and more than all, that he could not get more than half his men to fight True, Lieutenant-Colonel Waite, with a considerable force, was hurrying to San Antonio, but he could not possibly reach him, even if unmolested, in time to be of service. He knew, too, that a large force had gone to meet Waite, which force would never let him come if he made resistance. It was a critical moment for the brave old man. How to discharge honorably the duty he owed to the Government he served without entering into a hopeless and awful contest in which blood would flow like water and very many lives be lost required judgment, active thought, and unquailing nerve. Calmly did the old hero meet the appalling emergency. To the oft-repeated demand to surrender at discretion he gave evasive answers and in parleying gained time. Finally, at ten o'clock in the morning, McCulloch made his last demand, giving him twenty minutes in which to reply. The answer came that he would surrender if his command was paroled and permitted to retain their side-arms, were given transportation to the coast and permitted to leave the State. The surrender included all the troops and Government property in the State. McCulloch readily assented, and so ended the siege of San Antonio.

The officers and soldiers were all paroled, and the State of Texas took possession of all the Government property within her limits. Couriers were hastily sent to Colonel Waite and the State troops going to meet him and a conflict between them prevented. At San Antonio alone some $3,000,000 worth of property, consisting of the Government buildings, ordnance, commissary, medical, and quartermasters' stores, were secured, and probably half as much more at the different posts throughout the State. General Twiggs soon after resigned his commission in the United States army, and was given a position in the confederate army, but died shortly afterwards while in command at New Orleans. There was no conflict between the forces at San Antonio, yet probably the first gun fired during the war went off there on that memorable 16th of February. McCulloch's men were armed with all sorts of guns, from the old squirrel rifle up to the shot-gun. While the reserve was waiting on the military plaza the men all dismounted and were awaiting orders, standing around and sitting down in groups. One man had left his double-barreled shot-gun fastened to his saddle. His horse shook himself and the gun falling to the ground one barrel was discharged, wounding seven men. One poor fellow was shot in the hip and did not get off his crutches until about a year before the war ended, when he joined a company and did a twelve months' good service. No one was killed, but all were severely hurt. A Mexican, a mere looker-on in Vienna, who was squatting down on the sidewalk near, received a buckshot in the face which passed through both cheeks, taking two teeth with it. His only remark was: "Maldita! Este buena."

Of the enlisted men of the army in Texas who were surrendered by Twiggs at San Antonio, more than half joined the confederate service. Some went into the ranks and some were commissioned. All of them made good soldiers, rendering efficient service under the new flag. Quite a number of the officers, too, were commissioned in the Southern army, and not a few won distinction in the field. Fully nine-tenths of the men who participated in the capture were afterwards confederate soldiers, either as officers or privates, and many, alas! very many of them, gave up their lives. We knew nothing of war and its perils and privations then, and we yearned for the glory and the gladness of battle; but it was not long before the most of us had sounded all the depths of that glory and had drank deep of the gladness. While we were novices a mirage so beautiful to look upon filled all our souls with a strange delight which a bitter experience soon demolished, the sternest sort of reality swallowing up the poetry. Scant clothing, a meagre diet, hard work, suffering and danger are sure extinguishers for all the romance that ever gladdened a heart or filled a brain with its castles grand and pictures bright.

The devotion which inspired us to the cause we had espoused was in no degree lessened ever, nor did one single regret for the step we had taken ever have birth in the heart of any Southern soldier, but we found out that sleeping in the mud, marching half shod and thinly clad through the frosts of winter, living half the time on parched corn, charging batteries, and facing the blaze of muskets and hail of minie bullets, was not the grand and glorious thing our dreams had pictured.

SAVED BY A CORPSE.

It happened at Port Hudson in June, 1863. Our army had been investing that formidable stronghold, hardly second in strength to Vicksburg above, and three weeks of sharpshooting and bombarding passed, and found us still outside the citadel, suffering from intense heat and disease. Then followed the disastrous Sunday assaults of the 14th, in which, from daylight to dark, half the army in two columns struggled to penetrate the defenses, and were hurled back with a loss of 1,200 in killed and wounded. After that, almost a whole month of mining, cannonading, sharpshooting and starving was required to bring the gallant defenders to capitulation; and surely there was not a soldier in our own sadly thinned army left to witness the surrender who did not experience what Sir Walter Scott calls

"——the stern joy which warriors feel
In foeman worthy of their steel."

Jackson Wells, the hero of this adventure, was a corporal of the color-guard of my regiment, a brave, sturdy boy of 20, short and stubby in figure, but with boldness and resolution enough inside of him for three of his stature. "Tall soldiers for the color-guard" was the principle with us when we first entered the service; but some months of active service, with the ravages of disease and of the bullet, had weeded out the ranks, and our giants of six feet four, five and six were few enough. So the Colonel began to act on the better principle, "the best soldiers for the color-guard," and none better could have been found than Jack, as he was familiarly called. He had been in the color-guard three months at the time of this dreadful assault, and was with it, of course, all through that historic day.

Hard enough did the brave color-guard fare in that fight. Their place was in the middle of the column, and as the battalions in front of us were urged one after another up against the almost perpendicular fortifications, where they melted away like the mists of that morning before the sun just rising, and our turn came, we, too, surged forward with a clamor of shouts and yells, right up to the rocky fence of hill, over the stumps and rocks and into the ditch. The colors were flaunted in the very face of the enemy, and carried as far as the foot of man could reach beneath the enfilading fire of round balls and buckshot that withered away our battalion.

I was borne from that angle of death quite early in the day with a shot through the body; but the impression of the battle scene that photographed itself in my mind will describe the whole day's work. It was a constant rush of our blue-clad boys, with bayonets fixed, and yells of defiance, up against that impassable wall, without the means at hand for an escalade; a continual spurt of dashes through the gray mist from the works, and the incessant cracking report of muskets and sharp hissing of the deadly missiles; the ground in front strewn and encumbered with the dead, dying and wounded—and thus the bloody and useless work went on till night, when our columns, what was left of them, withdrew, and the ill-starred assault was over.

The muster of the next morning showed that every man of the color-guard was killed or wounded. The color-bearer was shot dead as soon as he came under fire; the corporal who took the flag from the dead hand was badly wounded; and, in succession, every man of the six was struck down, and the flag was rescued from the muzzle of the confederate muskets by a gallant private, who dashed up through a very hades of fire and seized it from the ground where it lay, with corpses piled all about and upon it.

Two or three of the wounded color-guard were brought away; two others were known to be dead; and it was supposed that all but those two had perished on the field of honor. A truce was agreed upon the second day after the fight, and some 500 bodies, blackened by exposure to the fierce sun of that latitude, were buried together in the soldier's grave. It was not doubted at the time that Corporal Wells was among them He had been seen to fall as he caught up the flag and waved it over his head, with a cry of encouragement—the staff had passed to other hands, which he never would have permitted unless badly hurt—and nothing had been seen or heard of him since. Poor Jack! There were brave fellows and good fellows enough to cry after that dreadful Sunday; but no more honest tears were shed than those that fell for you.

The siege dragged its slow length along, and the capitulation came at last, with the 9th of July. The ceremony was over, the arms grounded, and our men had begun to examine with natural interest and curiosity the defenses that had held them at bay for six weeks when, to the astonishment and delight of his comrades, Corporal Wells suddenly made his appearance. A shout of welcome greeted him, and a crowd quickly gathered about him with eager questions and salutations, while each hand was seized by half a dozen at the same time.

"Be hanged if I believe it is Jack," one of them said. "Let me pinch you, old fellow, and see if there's solid flesh on you, or if it's nothing but ghost covering. Why, blast it, man, didn't we bury you over in the ditch yonder, after the battle, with some hundreds of others?"

"Not as I know of, you didn't," replied the corporal. "Where's your tobacco? Give me a chew, somebody. As for flesh, I've got some on my bones yet; and if it's less than I ought to have, it's the fault of the mule beef and peas that our friends inside here have been living on for a month, and which was all they had to share with me."

The corporal soon recounted his adventures, which I will present in the third person. The ball that prostrated him before the works had merely cut the scalp along the side of his head, producing a plentiful effusion of blood, and knocking him senseless, but causing no injury beyond this. He lay unconcious for some time, and awoke to find himself lying flat on his back, his face burned almost to a blister by the hot sun, and the air all about him still ringing with the noise of battle. He heard the voices of the officers rallying the men in the hollow below, out of sight, and presently several companies came charging up the hill, and again the musketry opened hotly from the works. He had not dared to stir, lest he should be observed by some watchful confederate and shot; but as the advancing troops rushed over him, with shout and cry, an officer threw up his arms and fell directly upon the wounded sufferer, his life-blood spouting in his face. The assault failed, as did every other during the day, and the little column fell back to the protection of the hollow, leaving a large proportion dead on the field.

Lying on his back, his face shielded from the sun by the body that had fallen upon him, the corporal passed several hours of terrible suffering. He knew that he had the strength to walk or crawl out of the range of the fire from the works, but since he had lain thus he had seen the wounded who had tried to escape from the ground shot dead. It was neither merciful nor humane; but with men's blood raging at fever heat on the field of battle, mercy and humanity are apt to be slighted. His thirst was almost intolerable; his tongue and mouth were parched and dry; he was stiff and sore from long continuing in one position, and the dreadful weight of the corpse that lay like lead upon him; but he dared not shake it off lest the movement should draw the ready bullets of the enemy to him.

And thus the long hours of that well-remembered day dragged slowly on. He lay within fifty feet of the hostile rifles; a tempest of bullets rained over his body, and now and then he heard the dull thud of one of them striking near him. Once, as his right leg tingled and stung beyond endurance from cramp, he drew it up and threw it out again for temporary relief. The movement was observed, and the crack of a dozen muskets quickly followed it. One of the balls cut the corporal's sleeve; two entered the dead body above him—death protecting life from death!

A piece of bark peeled from a stump by a bullet lay near his head. By tedious and imperceptible advances he moved his hand to it, grasped it and carried it to his mouth. Tormented with thirst as he was, his caution was so great that half an hour was occupied in this. "I know that it was at least half an hour," the corporal said, in relating his story. "If I judged by my feelings all that horrible time, I should say it was half a day." He chewed the bark eagerly, and the excitement of the salivary glands greatly mitigated his acute thirst. A cup of cold water to this poor sufferer would have been a boon beyond all the wealth of the whole world; and he was but one of the hundreds who lay enduring these indescribable agonies all over that field. But such is war.

The long summer day ended at last, and the shattered regiments of the assaulting columns were withdrawn beyond musket range. The corporal patiently waited until darkness had settled upon the scene of blood, and then he ventured to relieve himself of the dead weight that held him down. He sat up and stretched his arm, with the feeling of such relief as the man knows who is released from the chains that have long bound him. Still fearful that he might be observed, he would not rise to his feet, but was about to crawl stealthily down to the hollow, whence he could easily make his way back to our lines. He moved in this way but a few yards when he discovered a crouching figure just in advance of him, holding a musket.

He knew it could not be one of our army, for the troops that were engaged in the assault had been drawn off an hour before, and a picket so close to the enemy's fortifications would not be thought of. Suspecting the character and employment of this man, Jack turned and cautiously made off at right angles with the line of his first movement. A few yards in that direction brought him to another picket—for such he was certain they were. The confederates had thrown out a chain of soldiers to make certain that the assault had been abandoned for the day; and the corporal was inside the lines.

"I'll lay down and trust to luck," was his thought. A few moments only passed before another confederate, a corporal, he thought, came around with orders for the pickets to return to the works.

"The Yanks have given it up for the night," he heard him say to the man nearest him. "I've been down past the hollow, and almost to the Bayou Sara road, and their lines are back where they were yesterday."

The soldier thus relieved took three steps toward the works, and stumbled over the prostrate body of Corporal Wells. As he fell, his hand passed over Jack's face, and its warmth instantly told him the man was alive.

"Ho, Yank!" he exclaimed. "Get up here. Can you walk?"

Jack realized that there was no time for artifice, and at once decided to surrender without any trifling, for fear of worse consequences than capture if he was detected in any deceit. "And besides," he said, "I was almost mad with thirst." "Yes, I can walk; I ain't much hurt; I surrender," I said, all in a breath; but, for God's sake, give me a drink!

"I spoke from my heart then, if I ever did in my life, and the appeal moved my captor at once. He unslung his canteen from his shoulder as he marched me over the dead bodies of my comrades through the ditch and up into the stronghold, and, eagerly seizing it from his hand, I drank its blessed contents, three good pints of pure, cold spring water, with out once stopping to take breath. It seemed as though life itself were restored to me with that draught; I never knew so happy a moment in my life.

Inside the confederate works the corporal was allowed the liberty of certain bounds, on giving his parole not to attempt to escape; and with the exception of the novelty of mule meat for his diet, he met with no further adventure until the capitulation released him, as described.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small.—*Coleridge.*
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy.—*Hood.*

INCIDENTS OF THE LATE WAR.

Among the men who recently appeared in the office of Colonel Harrison Adreon, of Baltimore, as an applicant for pension, was one who attracted unusual attention. He was a slender individual, under medium height, and having no distinguishing feature except a large sandy moustache. "We have been speaking of the heroes of the war," Colonel Adreon remarked. "Now hear this man's story, and if you can find in truth or fiction anything surpassing it, let me know of it immediately."

The applicant for a pension, who had applied to Colonel Adreon to send his papers to Washington, was James A. Sterling, who resides at No. 413 North Carey street. Sterling was an ordinary seaman on board the sloop-of-war Brooklyn in the fight at Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864. The Brooklyn had the left of the line, and was immediately in the rear of the monitor Tecumseh as the fleet, with Farragut, in the Hartford, commanding, swept through that rain of fire and death. The Tecumseh struck a torpedo and was blown up, not a soul on board escaping. Captain (now Admiral) Alden was then the commander of the Brooklyn, and he ordered that the helm should be starboarded, the result of which was that the Brooklyn went aground under the guns of Fort Morgan. Captain Alden fought the ship to the very best of his ability. The spendid service of his guns very largely contributed to the disabling of the confederate ironclad Tennessee, which bore down on the Brooklyn and the Hartford. At the critical juncture, when the Brooklyn was aground under the guns of Fort Morgan, Sterling and another sailor by the name of Gates were in the magazine, and were passing cartridges through the manhole to a man on the berth deck, who served them to the gunners. A shell from Fort Morgan went through the side of the ship, and, exploding on the berth deck, blew to pieces the sailor who was serving the cartridges. His mutilated body, with his clothes all ablaze, fell through the manhole from the berth deck to the magazine. Sterling at once recognized the danger and sat upon the open keg of powder, and called to Gates to open the stop-cocks and flood the magazine. Gates did what he was asked to do, and the ship was saved. Sterling continued in the service, and seems to have been utterly unconscious that he had made a hero of himself. The facts were reported to the Navy Department by Captain Alden, and in 1864 it was ordered by a resolution of Congress that Sterling should be presented with a medal of honor. The medal was coined under the direction of Secretary Gideon Welles, and was started on its discovery to catch up with Sterling. It traveled the world round and finally met him on board the United States man-of-war Lancaster in the harbor of Rio Janeiro in the year 1870, six years after the passage of the act of Congress. Sterling carries six wounds on his body. He has been shot in the arm, breast, head, back, and ankle, and until now he has not asked a cent's worth of support from the Government that he has so valiantly served. He was as sensitive about having his name in print as if he had committed a crime instead of having done a heroic action.

TRAILING.

One of the most remarkable features of uncivilized life is the power savages show of tracking men and beasts over immense distances. Many travelers have spoken of this as something almost miraculous, yet it is only the result of careful observation of certain well-known signs; and we have here before us a collection of very common-sense hints on the subject. In countries like ours every trace of foot-print or wheel-track on roads or paths is soon obliterated or hopelessly confused; but it is otherwise in the wilderness, where neither man nor beast can conceal his track. In Caffreland, when cattle are stolen, if their foot-prints are traced to a village, the head man is responsible for them unless he can show the same track going out. A wagon track in a new country is practically indellible. "More especially," say the authors of "Shifts and Expedients of Camp Life," "is this the case if a fire sweeps over the plain immediately after, or if the wagon passes during, or after a prairie fire. We have known a fellow-traveler recognize in this manner the tracks his wagon had made seven years before, the lines of charred stumps crushed short down remaining to indicate the passage of the wheels, though all other impressions had been obliterated by the rank annual growth of grass fully twelve feet high. Sometimes, the original soil being disturbed, a new vegetation will spring up along the wagon track, and thus mark out the road for miles.

Even on hard rock a man's bare foot will leave the dust caked together by perspiration, so that a practiced eye will see it; and even if there is no track, a stone will be disturbed here and there, the side of the pebble which has long lain next to the ground being turned up. If it is still damp, the man or beast that turned it has passed very recently. If a shower of rain has fallen, the track will tell whether it was made before, during, or after the shower; similar indications can be obtained from the dew; and other indications of the time that has elapsed since a man passed by is furnished by the state of the crushed grass, which will be more or less withered, as the time is longer or shorter. Other indications are drawn from the direction in which the grass lies; this tells how the wind was blowing at the time the grass was crushed; and by noting previous of the wind, one learns the time at which each part of the track was made.

NOT FOR PENSIONERS.

In January next interest falls due on the outstanding continued six per cent bonds, amounting in the aggregate to about $2,780,000; on the outstanding four per cent. bonds, amounting to about $7,387,000, and on the currency sixes outstanding to about $1,938,000. To pay the interest on the loans requires the filling out of about seventy-five thousand checks. This work has not yet been begun, but will be within the next few days. Treasurer Gilfillan says he expects to have the checks ready for mailing by the 24th or 25th instants. It has not been customary to anticipate the interest due on these loans beyond a period of several days. Whether it will be done this year has not yet been determined.